SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SUNDAY, JULY 5, 1908

MAGAZINE SECTION

We'll go to Dr. Piecrust's first, and see if he's there," says he, "that being

Well, he wa'n't. And they hadn't een him at another minister's that the

"If she was an actorine," says I,

"she'd be apt to steer him to the place where they has most of their splicin' done. Why not try there?"

"Good idea!" says he, and we lights out hot foot for the Little Church

And say! Talk about your long shots! As we piles out what should I see but the carrotty topped night hawk that'd had Rossy and me for

"You're a winner," says I to the old man. "It's a case of waitin' at the church. Ten to one you'll find Rossiter inside."

It was a cinch. Rossy was the first one we saw as we got into the anteroom.

It wa'nt' what you'd call a real af-fectionate meetin'. The old man steps up and eyes him for a minute, like a dyspeptic lookin' at a piece of overdone steak in a restaurant, and then he re-

marks: "What blasted nonsense is

"Why," says Rossy, shiftin' from one foot to the other, and grinnin' foolsher'n I ever saw him grin before-"why, I just thought I'd get married, that's all." "That's all, eh?" says the old man,

and you could have filed a saw with his voice. "Sort of a happy inspiration of the moment, was it."
"Well," says Rossy, "not—not exactly that.; I'd been thinking of it for

"The deuce you says!" says the old

"I-I didn't think you'd object," says

"Wow!" says the old man. He'd been holdin' in a long spell, for him,

"See here, you young rascal!" says he. "What do you mean by talking that way to me? Didn't think I'd ob-

but then he just boiled over.

old man said Rossy knew.

fares earlier in the evenin'.

Around the Corner.

this, sir?"

sometime, sir.'

## WHEN ROSSITER CUT LOOSE

## By SEWELL FORD

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As a general thing I don't go much in looks, but I will say that I've seen and you've been nipped tryin' to pinch a rubber door mat."

"Here's my badge," says he.

"Anybody can buy things like that at a hock shop," says I. "You come along upstairs till I see whether or not first out the combination with the peyer and a couple of overhangin' front teeth—Well, what's the use? Bossy don't travel on his shape. He didn't want to visit, not a little bit, but I was behind, persuadin' him with my knee, and up he goes.

"Look at what the sneak thief business is comin' to," says I, standin' him under the bunch light where Rossiter could get a good look at him. He As a general thing I don't go much on looks, but I will say that I've seen handsomer specimens than Rossiter. He's got good height, and plenty of reach, with legs branchin' out just under his armpits—you know how them clothes pin fellers are built—but when you finish out the combination with pop eyes and a couple of every points.

studio I sized him up for a soft boiled, could get a good look at him. He and wondered how he could stray was a shifty eyed low brow that you around town alone without havin' his wouldn't trust alone in a room with ell cracked. Took me some time, too, before I fell to the fact that Rossy was wiser'n he looked; but at that he wa'nt no knowledge trust.

Just bein' good natured was Rossy's long suit. Course, he couldn't help Just bein' good natured was Rossy's long suit. Course, he couldn't help grinnin'; his mouth is cut that way. There wa'n't any mistakin' the look in them wide set eyes of his, though. That was the real article, the genuine I'll stand for anything kind. Say, you could spring any sort of a josh on Rossy, and he wouldn't squeal. He was one of your shy violets, too. Mostly one of your shy violets, too. Mostly he played a thinkin'- part, and when he did talk he didn't say much. After you got to know him real well, though, and was used to the way he looked, you couldn't help likin' Rossiter. I'd had both him and the old man as regilars for two or three months, and it's natural I was more or less chummy "I'll cheerfully pay all the expenses." natural I was more or less chummy of a damage suit, or lines, Shorty,

So when Rossy shows up here the says Rossiter. other mornin' and shoves out his proposition to me, I don't think nothin'

"Shorty," says he, kind of flushin' "You're welcome to use all I've got I collared Nun in the bank," says I. "It isn't money," says he, growin'

"Oh!" says I, like I was a lot sur- the jaw he forgot all about fightin' prised. "Your usin' the touch preamble back. made me think it was. What's the

"but I'd like your assistance in a evening. Where can I find you?"

"Oh, I assure-" he begins. 'That's enough," says I, and I names

"Not unless an ambulance gets me," Well, I didn't go around battin' my bead all the rest of the day, tryin' to think out what it was Rossiter had That was no dream, either. Say, it on the card. Somehow he ain't the did me most as much good as a trip If I'd made a guess, maybe I'd keyhole gazers. said he wanted me to take him and a "Your names'll look nice in the pafor an orgy on licht nuts an' weak

So I wa'n't fidgetin' any that evenin', holds up the corner of 42nd street, sin' the time of day with the rounds watchin' the Harlem folks streak to the roof gardens. Right on the and I sees Rossiter givin' me the wig-

"Your runnin' on sked," says I. "Where to now?" think your studio would be the place," says he, "if you don't

I said I didn't, and away we goes around the corner. As we does the turn I sees another cab make a wild to get in front, and, takin' a peek through the back window, I spots

a second one followin'.
"Are we part of a procession?" says em out to him. He only grins and looks kind of

sheepish. "That's the regular thing nowadays," says he. "What! Tin badgers?" says I. "They made me rather ner

vous at first," he says, "but after I'd en shadowed for a week or so I got sed to it, and lately I've got so I would feel lost without them. Tonight, though, they're rather a nuisance. I thought you might help me to throw them off the track.'

"But who set 'em on?" says I. "Oh, it's father, I suppose," says he; not grouchy, mind you, but kind of "Why, Rossy!" says I. "I didn't think

you was the sort that called for P. D. "I'm not," says he. "That's just father's way, you know, when he sus-pects anything is going on that he hasn't been told about. He runs his things all the time. And maybe some

of them weren't busy; so he told them to look after me." Well, say! I've heard some tough things about the old man, but I never ight he'd carry a thing that far. Why, there ain't any more sportin' blood in Rossiter than you'd look for low-voiced man. "Only theoretically, in a ribbon clerk. Outside of the little ladylike boxin' that he does with me,

as a liver regulator, the most excitin' fad of his I ever heard of was collectin' picture postals. Now, I generally fights shy of mixin' up in fam'ly affairs, but someway or other I just ached to take a hand in this. "Rossy," says I, "you're dead anxious to hand the lemon to them

two sleut's; are you?" He said he was.

"And your game's all on the straight after that, is it?" I says.
"Pen my honor, it is," says he.
"Then count me in," says I. "I ain't never had any love for them sneak detectives, and here's where I gives

They must have known just where we was headin', for by the time we lands on the sidewalk in front of the physi-

cal culture parlors the man in the leadin' cab has jumped out and faded.
"He will be watching on the floor above," says Rossiter, "and the other "That's the way they work it, eh?"

lookin' around or lettin' 'em know

lookin' around or lettin' em know you're on."

We goes up to the second floor and turns on the gim in the front office. Then I puts on a pair of gym. shoes. opens the door easy, and tiptoes down the stairs. He was just where I thought he'd be, coverin' up in the shade of the vestibule.

"Caught with the goods on!" says I, reachin' out and gettin' a good grip on his neck. "No you don't! No gun play in this!" and I gives his wrist a crack with my knuckles that puts his shootin' arm out of business.

"He should the stores and who stands in deadly fear and awe of the down town section.

"By the simplest process of elimination, then, it fell to me to go out and purchase my wife a couple of night gowns.

"I undertook the errand with a reluctance which I was careful to screen from my wife, not wishing to worry her. I have always possessed a certain shyness in respect to lingeric counters and ilingeric displays. Passing through large fores I have always experienced."

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a hot quarter.

"My name is McGilty," says he.
"Even if it wa'n't, you could never prove an alibi with that face," says

"Forget it!" says I. "There won't be anything of the sort. He's lettin' off a little hot air, that's all. Keep your eye on him while I goes after

I collared Number Two squattin' on the skylight stairs. For a minute or so he put up a nice little muss, but after I'd handed him a swift one on

ande me think it was. What's the o?"

"I—I can't tell you just now," says I give you the third degree."

He didn't have a word to say; just little affair about eight o'clock this held onto his face and looked ugly. I tied him up same's I had the other Sounds mysterious," says I. "You, and set 'em face to face, where they ain't goin' up against any Canfield could see how pretty they looked. Then I led Rossiter down stairs. "Now run along and enjoy yourself,"

That's enough," says I, and I names says I. "That pair'lt do no more sleut'-in' for awhile. "I'll keep 'em half an hour, anyway, before I throws 'em out "You won't fail?" says he, anxious. in the street." "I'm awfully obliged, Shorty," says

kind you'd look for any hot stunts to Coney, stringin' them trussed up

come up at Special Sessions maybe your friends'll all have reserved seats. Sweet pair of pigeon toed junk col-If they wa'n't sick of the trailin' business before I turned 'em loose, it wa'n't my fault. From the remarks

ick a hansom fetches up at the curb, they made as they went down the stairs I suspicioned they was some sore on me. But now and then I runs across folks that I'm kind of proud to have feel that way. Private detectives is in

I was still on the grin, and thinkin' now real cute I'd been, when I hears heavy steps on the stairs, and in blows Rossiter's old man, short of breath and

"Where's he gone?" says he.

"Which one?" says I.
"Why, that fool boy of mine!" says the old man. "I've just had word that he was here less than an hour ago." "You got a straight tip," says I. ' "Well, where did he go from here?"

says he. "I'm a poor guesser," says I, "and he didn't leave any word; but if you was to ask my opinion, I'd say that most likely he was behavin' himself, whereever he was."

"Huh!" growls the old man. "That shows how little you know about him. some yellow haired chorus girl; that's where he is!'

moral right to purchase anything that

is offered for sale in a public place; but only theoretically," observed the

because you possess a right if you can

get it; and if, in trying to get it, you

find yourself flouted, despised and scorned, you are liable to abandon your

pursuit of the right, and, therefore, it

becomes a right, as I say, only in the-

"I am speaking now of my attempt

yesterday to purchase a couple of night

gowns for my wife. I succeeded in

the attempt. But the case would have

to be very desperate indeed before I

"My wife is in bed with the grip.

Her washerwoman went back on her a

couple of weeks ago-ill, presumably-and my wife hasn't been able to look

has been piling up, and yesterday my

wife discovered that she didn't have a

change of night gowns. Women are extra particular about their night

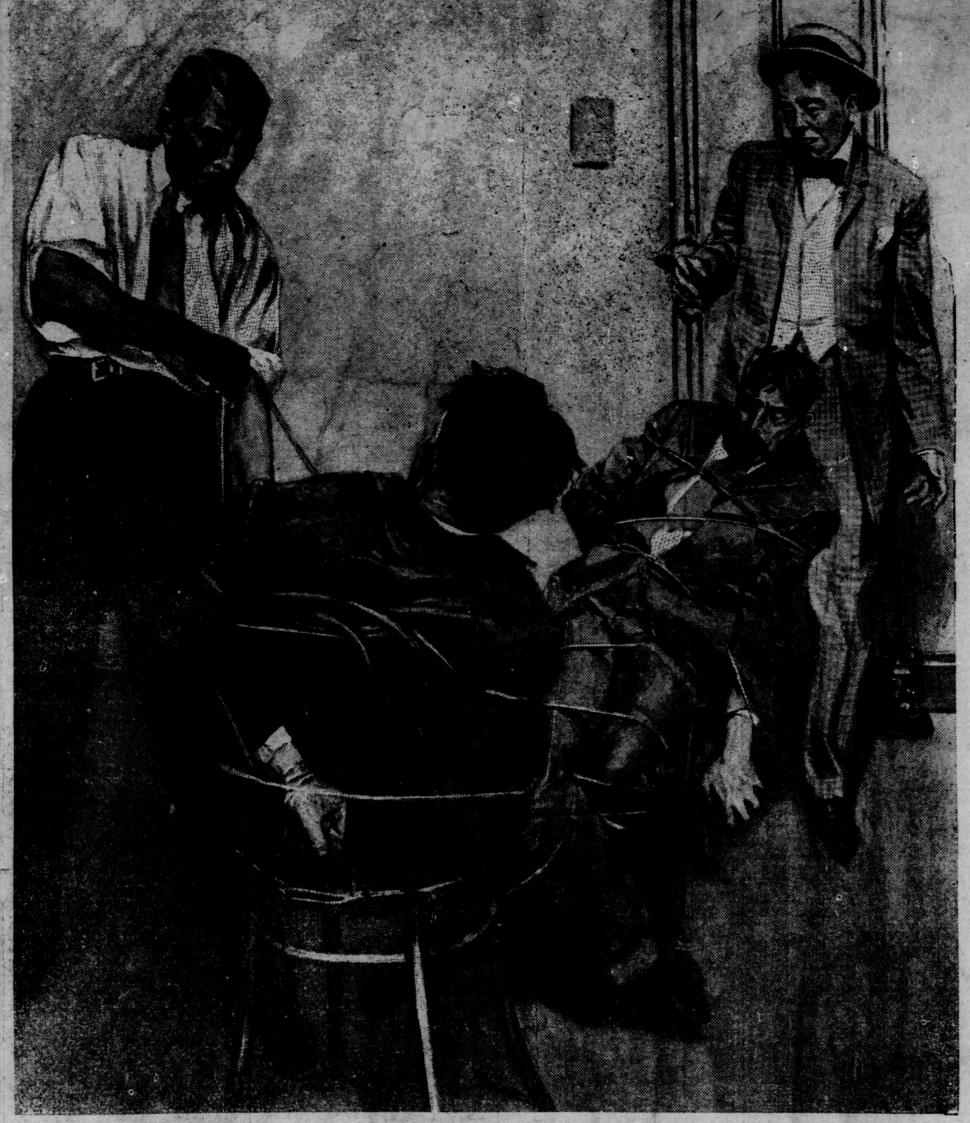
gowns, you'll have noticed, when they're ill in bed, with the doctor calling regularly and friends dropping in.
"Well, we have only one servant, and she couldn't be sent down town

on a night gown purchasing mission, for she's an old black mammy from

Virginia who doesn't know anything rect me to the section about the stores and who stands in purchase night gowns.

another washerwoman. The linen

would try it again.



"I set 'em face to face."

as a sort of Sargasso sea, so to speak, tell the guidance of shoppers. But which it were better I kept away from. all white articles of this character look plied, correctively, jabbing at her hair young woman, producing a garment Indeed I have never permitted my-alike to me, and so I could only slink with a lead pencil.

the counters and stood two or three snickered audibly, and I caught the

swallowed a foolish powder. Seems that it. Rossiter's mother had been noticin'

"Theoretically a man has a legal and have regarded the lingerie department are displayed on racks above the coun- luctance.

There are some men who can do that woman

I shall be able to get any washing

done. So get just plain ones-they

shouldn't cost more than \$2 apiece at

stores-they have more of a variety.'

"So I started.

the outside. Go to one of the large

"I make it a point to follow my

wife's instructions meticulously in these matters, to forestall, if possible, any

after conversation of a reproving or admonitory character. So I went to one

of the large department stores.

"Perhaps I looked hangdog—certainly I was oppressed by a sinister feeling of apprehension, if not positive guilt

-when I asked the floor walker to di-

rect me to the section where I could

walker quickly, and, as I imagined,

"'No; for my wife,' I feebly re-

"The floor walker, I thought, looked at me as if he might be saying to himself. 'Well, I don't know so much

about that—of course, you'd say that the night gowns were for your wife;' and then he told me how to get to the

'For yourself?' inquired the floor

as a sort of Sargasso sea, so to speak, ters for the guidance of shoppers. But

lingerie display in a show window. ly whisper the two words to the young

and do it, but I always looked upon these as wonderfully brave persons, if not actual world defying desperadoes.

"But I was in for it, and there was nothing for me to do but to listen with the law of chance. I never hit it right until I'd slouched through almost the entire lingerie section. Each time, too,

what complacence I could assume to the young woman to whom I put that

my wife's instructions.

"'Get two,' she said to me, 'and not expensive ones. I have heaps and heaps of nice night gowns, but they're all in the wash, and I don't know when

Indeed, I have never permitted my-alike to me, and so I could only slink with a lead pencil, self even to stop before an elaborate up to each counter in turn and hoarse-"The women on the

one phrase, 'Night gowns,'

with women shoppers-there was a sale

deep behind the stools. So that, in or-

"Actually, I believe now that I must

have gone batty; but when he tells me | Rossiter, and says as how, by the time | long time. Who else would be likely | any help, you can come along." the whole yarn I begins to feel like I'd she reads that, he'll have gone and done to marry him? Come! you don't im-

where he is!"

"What! Rossy?" says I.

"What! Rossy?" says I.

"What! Rossy?" says I.

"It's what I've been afraid of for a too late. If you think you can be of the old man's electric cab.

Lingerie Counter Proved Man's Waterloo

behind the counter-'Night

agine I think he's an Apollo, just be-

"'Well, they're sold here," she re-

"The women on the revolving stool in

about and stared steadily right into my

trusive, intentionally malignant indi-

word "Buttinski' from one of them.

front of the night gown counter turned through parts of it.

Well say, I didn't see how I'd fit into a hunt of that kind; and as for "But how do you figure out that he's cause he's my son, do you? And don't knowin' what to do, I hadn't a thought He's off being married, probably to symptoms in him for sometime; but some yellow haired chorus girl; that's they hadn't nailed anything until that but seem no more'ng the some yellow haired chorus girl; that's they hadn't nailed anything until that seem no more'ng the some yellow haired chorus girl; that's they hadn't nailed anything until that seem no more'ng the some yellow haired chorus girl; that's they hadn't nailed anything until that seem no more'ng the some yellow haired chorus girl; that's they hadn't nailed anything until that seem no more'ng the some yellow haired chorus girl; that's they hadn't nailed anything until that seem no more'ng the some yellow haired chorus girl; that's they hadn't nailed anything until that seem no more'ng the some yellow haired chorus girl; that's they hadn't nailed anything until that seem no more'ng the some yellow haired chorus girl; that's they hadn't nailed anything until that seem no more'ng the some yellow haired chorus girl; that's they hadn't nailed anything until that seem no more no more

ject. D'ye suppose I'm anxious have all New York know that my son's been made a fool of? Think your mother and I are aching to have one

of these bleached hair chorus girls in the family? Got her inside there, have "Yes, sir," says Rossy.

"Well, bring her out here!" says the old man. "I've got something to say to

"All right, sir," says Rossy. If there ever was a time for throwin' the hooks into a parent, it was then. But he's as good humored and quiet about it as though he'd just been handed a piece of peach pie. "I'll bring her right out."

When he comes in with the lady, the old man takes one look at her and almost loses his breath for good. "Eunice May Ogden!" says he. "Why

-why on earth didn't you say so be fore, Rossy?" "Oh, hush!" says the lady.

still! Can't you see that we're right in the middle of an elopement?" Never saw Eunice May, did you?

Well, that's what you miss as me. I had seen ber. And say, she's somethin' of a sight, too! She's a kind of a female Machnow, Eunice is. Maybe she's some less'n seven feet in her lisle threads, but she looks every inch of it; and when it comes to curves, she has Lillian Russell pared to a lamp

post. She'd be a good enough looker is she wa'n't such a whale. As twins, she'd be a pair of beauts, but the way she stands she's most too much of a good thing. Pinckney says they call her the Ogden sinking fund among his crowd. I've

heard 'em say that old man Ogden, who's a little, dried up runt of about five feet nothin', has never got over bein' surprised at the size Eunice has growed to. When she was about fourteen and weighed only a hundre ninety odd, he and Mother Ogden figured a lot on marryin' Eunice into sister, but they gave all that up when she topped the two hundred mark. Standin' there with Rossiter, they

loomed up like a dime museum couple; but they was lookin' happy, and gazin' at each other in that mushy way-you "Say," says Rossiter's old man, siz-in' 'em up careful, "is it all true? Do

you think as much of one another as all that?"

There wa'n't any need of their say-in' so; but Rossy speaks up prompt for the only time in his life. He told how they'd been spoons on each other for more'n a year, but hadn't dared let on because they was afraid of bein' gerie section of the establishments. I counters. Samples of these garments who approached me with obvious re- wonder, and remembered it; size 16, I kidded. It was the same way about told her. neighbors on the avenue, and all that, he must have known that the folks on either side wouldn't kick, but neither one of 'em had the nerve to stand for a church weddin', so they just made up their minds to slide off easy and have it all through before anyone had a chance to give 'em the

"But now that you've found it out," says Rossiter, "I suppose you'll want us to wait and-"

"Wait nothing!" says the old man, jammin' on his hat. "Don't you wait minute on my account. Go ahead with your elepement. I'll clear out. I'll go up to the club and find Ogden, and when you have had the knot tied good and fast you come home and receive a double barreled blessing."

About that time the minister that they'd been waitin' for shows up, and before I knows it I've been rung in. der to ejaculate 'Night gowns,' for the benefit of the young woman behind did not catch in full, but I did catch the counter, I had to squirm in among the words 'Miss Nancy.' And I don't gowns for his wife!' I heard the hatchgowns for his wife!' I heard the hatchet faced elderly woman a few paces below me say, in her piercing, acrid was done. And of all the happy reunions I was ever lugged into, it was when Rossiter's folks and the Ogdens section, feeling as wilted as if I had got together afterwards. They were so tickled to get the two freak left overs off their hands at they almost ulated my wife when she untied the little stunt I d in bilkin' them

WHERE TO STAND.

(Kansas City Times.) "Motor cars an' sech air all right," said Farmer Bligh, "but I'll stand by the Missouri mule."
"Then be keerful, David," cautioned his spouse, "to stand by his head, not his

NOT EXPERIMENTING.

face and nudged each other. Some of I asked the young woman. them made remarks to each other, then "Have you another one like it in the jolly. smiled saturninely, then looked at me same size?' I asked. ome more. Several of them, somewhat "She had, and she produced it. austere looking elderly women, sniffed.

"'All right-I'll take 'em both,' Their sniffs told me as plainly as "All right—I'll take 'em both,' words that they considered me an in-said the young woman. 'How much?' "'Six ninety-eight apiece,' was her

'Yes, yes; it's pretty-is it size 16?

"'This is a pretty style,' said the

a lot of tiny blue ribbons running

vidual who had come there for the sole reply. and deliberate purpose of annoying wo-men at women's legitimate occupation, told me about paying only a couple of

which is shopping. Two quite young, dollars apiece for the night gowns, but of some sort in progress. The women frivolous looking young women on that made no difference. I wanted to occupied all of the stools in front of stools near the end of the counter get a way from there. So I nodded to the young woman that I'd take them along instead of having them sent. "'Huh! a man is likely, isn't he, to

> "And then I got out of the lingerie just passed through a trial for a fel-

ony. "'Why, aren't they beauties!" ejacpackage and unrolled the night gowns P. D.'s. on the bed. 'How much?'
"'Oh, I forget-let's see-oh, yes-

two twenty-eight aplece, I told her.
"'Well, I do declare, if you aren't
the greatest bargain getter!' said my
wife, rapturously. 'You must have
struck a sale, Why, I never saw any ike these for less than seven or eight

shopper—why, he can do better in buy-ing things for me than I ever can myself,' my wife said to some women callers that evening. 'And the beauty of it is that he really enjoys shopping

## the women shoppers, sitting and stand- know which I felt the more humiliated ing; and, one and all, they regarded over, the 'Buttinski' or the 'Miss Nanwith the keenest resentment. Their cy.' What sort of night gowns do you me with the keenest resentment. Their baleful glances seemed to inquire of me why I didn't stop snooping around where I didn't belong; why I didn't go my way and behave and mind my "'Oh, any kind,' I said, eager to get tone, to the woman with her.

away, and quite forgetful of my wife's instructions to get plain, inexpensive have been reeling about like a drunk- night gowns.

have been reeling about like a drunken man when I finally pulled up at
the long counter where night gowns
were sold. Such was the effect of the
strangely hostile scrutiny to which I
had been subjected from the instant
I put my foot in the lingerie section.
"An ornate night gown was spread
out full length from a rack above this
ceunter, and that gave me a certain
feeling of relief. I know a night gown
when I see it spread out. At any rate,
my long, fruitless quest was at an end,
even if there were other difficulties and
humiliations to encounter.

"This is where you get night gowns,
is it not?" I said to the young woman
"ight gowns.
"Something rather nice." asked the
young woman.

"Oh, certainly, certainly; she'll want
them nice—they're for my wife, you
know,' I mumbled, keen to vindicate
myself where no vindication was necessary.

"Hugh! for his wife! I heard one
of the austere looking elderly women
on a stool near me mutter. 'As if a
man's wife would permit him to buy
night gowns.

"'My hu
shopper—w
inght gowns.

"Weli,
the greate
wife, rapt
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like these
dollars.'

"My hu
shopper—w
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and I caught every word.

"What size?" asked the young saleswife would permit him to buy
night gowns,
and I caught every word.

"What size?" asked the young saleswife, rapt
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"What size?" asked the young saleswife, rapt
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(Philadelphia Ledger.) "Can you live on your income in New